

"Goo Gah Gah"

2nd draft short story  
(based on actual events)  
written by N.Torres

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My hands grip one side of my crib. Yes, it is my crib, my home, this is where I sleep and live. I feel safe here. I love it here.

I watch as you move about. You are speaking to someone and you rise and walk across the room to do something. I don't know who you are, why you are, nor why you're talking or who the other person you're talking to is, nor what is so important that you have to rise and walk across the room to do it. I am simply watching you move.

I speak my heart. I have things to say, important things. I don't understand the things you yourself are saying when you speak but that does not matter. This is normal. But I believe you understand me, what I myself am saying.

"Goo gah gah."

My statements are important. I know what I am saying is interesting. In my mind they are profound. I speak of being alive, how it feels to be alive. I speak of my anger when I am disappointed. I speak about my sadness, my happiness. I feel a whole array of emotions that I want to discuss, to comment on.

I talk about my surroundings. I speak in word-pictures. This is my language. You know my language. You have to know my language. I wouldn't speak to you if I didn't think you would not understand. Now would I?

I want to comment on everything, all of it; everything I see, everything I touch, taste, or feel.

I want to get a word in, interrupt your conversation with that other person but you're not looking at me, not paying attention to me. I have a lot to say but your heart is somewhere else.

I will go on speaking anyway in hopes you will hear. Because I know what I'm talking about. That food you gave to me not too long ago was delicious, very tasty. I want more. Not now, maybe later. Definitely later.

And, hey, I don't mind being in this crib, it is what it is, I'm used to it. It's where I feel and dream. Can you hear me? The way you go on talking to the other person makes me wonder.

I don't know who you are. You could be anyone, anything. But you are the one who

usually is kind to me. I don't like it when you yell, but you calm down eventually. My focus is on you because you're the one who picks me up, feeds me, kisses me, comforts me when I feel bad, whoever or whatever you are.

You laugh sometimes when you're around me but I don't know why; that's okay too.

There are things I want to make you aware of. Things I don't really understand. Listen carefully. There are strange things hanging from the ceiling. Square things that hang down. When you yank them down the lights above go on or off. In the dark the things at the end of the string they glow. Glow in the darkness. They frighten me. They hang there alive, staring at me. I wish the glowey things would go away but they never do. I am obsessed with the glowey things that swing this way and that, after they have been touched.

"Goo gah gah."

I have visions during the night when I am not awake. Large yellow bubbles floating, moving above me. I don't know what they are. They scare me too. I remember someone else in a room whom I have never heard speak. But I sense the person is important.

Who are you that takes care of me? Please tell me who you are. Speak in a language I can understand. I want so much to know. But you never tell me. How sad.

I speak high important things. My words are associated with profound and clever thoughts. Yet, I feel so lost in all this profundity. This never-ending cycle of speaking and never getting a good solid response I can understand. The hurt of never being heard or understood. It makes me feel ... hopeless. I don't like feeling this way. Is it any wonder why I cry?

"Goo gah gah."

What I think I will do now is give-up the idea of being understood. For now. And I will go to sleep. Yes, that's what I'll do. In sleep I don't have to worry about not being understood. I am dead to the world and the world is dead to me.

I let go of the fence that is my home and I lie down on my soft bed. My eyelids are getting heavier. Soon I will be asleep. I can see the glowey things hanging from the ceiling. Darkness will come soon and their eerie glow will penetrate the dark. I dread their double-lives, or maybe I envy them. I definitely don't understand them, what they are for, why they are alive. I close my eyes. When my eyes are closed I stop seeing them entirely.

The End.